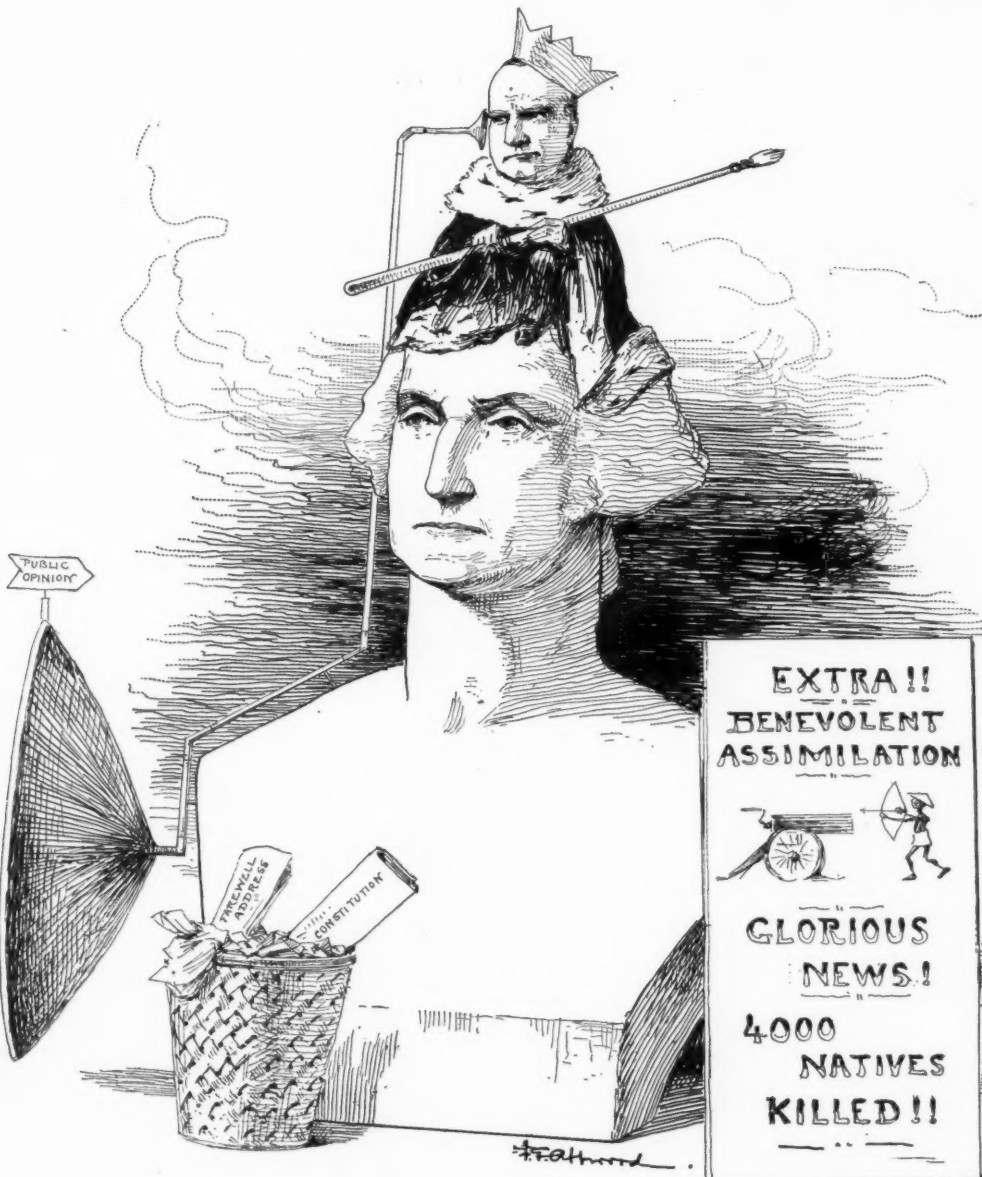


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IS THIS A CASE FOR THE S. P. C. A.?

It is now 6.45 P. M. and this dog has been kept out here since 10 this morning.

dollars will receive one of these proofs free (selection to be made from our catalogue), also back numbers of LIFE from September 8 to December 31, 1898 (containing the Mr. Pipp Series, by Gibson), the extra 1899 Easter and Christmas numbers of LIFE (retailed at 25 cents each), and LIFE for one year, from January 1 to December 31, 1899 (52 numbers). This offer is net, and orders must be sent direct to LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 West 31st St., New York City.

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THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.
VIII.

While in Paris Mr Pipp, just after dinner, steps out for a few moments with a chance acquaintance. It is now 2.30 A.M.

This Drawing is One of the Mr. Pipp Series, by C. D. Gibson, now Running in LIFE, Included in the Above Offer.

LIFE.



LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A MAKER of smooth verse and facile rhymes,
And lover of quaint legends from old times;
A joyous singer in New England bleak—
Her heart is Irish and her mind is Greek.

An Excellent Reason.

"LIKE chess?"
"Only the poetry of it."

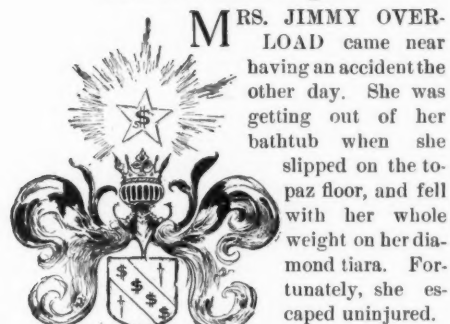
"Poetry?"

"Yes. You see 'gambit' is the best
rhyme known to 'damn bit.'"

NEVER play pranks with your
wife, your horse, or your
razor; and in that order.

WITH the enterprise for which it
is rapidly becoming distin-
guished, LIFE has secured exclusive
information that Mr. Alger, who is
Secretary of War in President Mc-
Kinley's Cabinet, is quite satisfied with
the report of the War Investigating
Committee, and will, therefore, after
much urging, continue to serve the
people of the United States in his
present incapacity.

The World's Progress.



MRS. JIMMY OVER-
LOAD came near
having an accident the
other day. She was
getting out of her
bathtub when she
slipped on the to-
paz floor, and fell
with her whole
weight on her dia-
mond tiara. For-
tunately, she es-
caped uninjured.

The Golden Shamms are very fond of the
opera. They both say Jean is superb. They
also enjoy the people in the boxes.

Heritage Doolittle has ordered some collars
made in a new way. He won't say what the
new way is. His mother was a Ppomp. Heri-
tage is a grandson of the Honorable Fiddleback
Doolittle.

Mr. and Mrs. Kommunbut Innitt had a very
trying experience recently. They mistook the
date of a dinner and had to go to Delmonico's
for their repast. Millionaires have their trials.
Also millionairesses.

The Knightley Gaddyngs generally break-
fast at home.

The Witliss Chatturs have been out and
about a great deal this winter. They are never
tired. It is a great art to be able to talk with-
out using your brain.



"OLD HOLLAND—IN STONE JUGS."



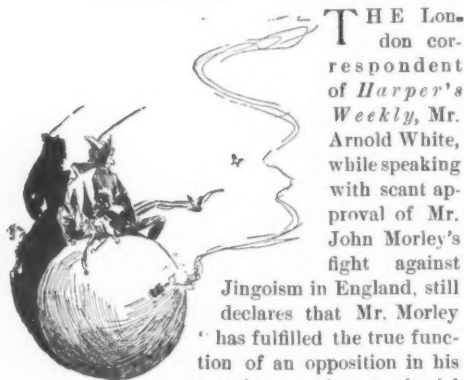
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIII. FEBRUARY 23, 1899. No. 847.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication 25 cents.

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THE London correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Arnold White, while speaking with scant approval of Mr. John Morley's fight against Jingoism in England, still declares that Mr. Morley "has fulfilled the true function of an opposition in his warnings against territorial expansion for its own sake, and a bastard imperialism which adds responsibility without increasing the welfare of the people." Surely at least as much as this may be said for the group of Senators who opposed the ratification of the treaty with Spain, and for the large body of citizens who supported them.

There were such grave objections to the failure of the treaty that many Senators who were strongly opposed to some provisions in it still felt constrained to vote for it. So, outside of the Senate, an important body of citizens who deprecated every line of the treaty which seemed to be a step towards permanent and forcible occupation of distant islands, still felt that, all things considered, to ratify the treaty was a less evil than to reject it. It has been ratified, but the opposition has had its influence and will continue to have it. It has been demonstrated that there is a strong sentiment in this country against what Mr. White calls "territorial expansion for its own sake, and a bastard imperialism which adds responsibility without increas-

ing the welfare of the people." The sentiment which called for the annexation of the Philippines for the sake of trade, and the government of them in the interest of the governors, no longer finds wide expression. The imperialists and annexationists sing noticeably smaller than they lately did, and though the leading newspaper advocate of imperialism relieves its mind by calling the anti-ratification men "traitors," the epithet, so flagrantly misapplied, only excites disgust with the user of it.



SINCE the treaty is to be effective, we have definitely on our hands what we practically had on them already—the future of the Philippines. The popular attitude towards the Philippines, so far as one may guess at it, does not vary much from the popular attitude towards Cuba. Our professed intention is that Cuba shall govern herself as soon as she is fit. The general desire at this time seems to be that the Philippines shall do the same, and that they may show their fitness early. Nearly everyone who has assumed to know the Filipinos has agreed that they would probably require a practical demonstration of American strength before they would respect American authority. They have had it, poor things! No American has rejoiced at the slaughter and defeat of Aguinaldo's levies by the troops under General Otis, except as one may rejoice when a child who must have a spanking gets a thorough one. Let us be grateful to our fighting men for doing their work well, and hope that their efficiency may save life in the end and hasten the restoration of order.



IT is a satisfaction to know that the patriots who have composed the President's Commission to inquire in the management of the war have finished their task, made their report, and are now free once more to revert to the advancement of their private interests. It is gratifying, though not surprising, to hear that their inquiries have not resulted in the discovery of any serious malfeasances or omissions. The beef was all right; the management of the Santiago

campaign was all right; the selection of the camp sites, the management of the hospitals, the feeding and transportation of the troops—all, rumor says, were either all right, or nearer right than any reasonable person ought to have expected. No one seems to have been wrong except General Miles and a few other complainants. The Commission, apparently, has done itself proud, and vindicated the judgment of the President in creating it. *Vale*, sirs and Generals. When it comes your turn to be subjects of inquiry, may the whitewash never run dry in the pail, nor the brush lack a competent hand to wield it.



IF we may believe the reports that come from Vienna about the experiments on hospital patients by physicians, we must conclude that science in Vienna is in danger of becoming as careless of human rights and human life in its researches as religion in times past has often been in its efforts for the promulgation of the true faith. The stories from Vienna are of new-born children whose lives have been sacrificed in the free hospitals to the zeal of experimenters, and of women and men who have been inoculated to their great hurt with new serums, the effects of which it was desired to test. Perhaps these stories are lies, and very likely they are at least exaggerations; but the Vienna doctors are full of professional zeal, and the fact that two of them died last summer of the bubonic plague, which they caught from germs with which they were experimenting, makes these tales of hospital experiments seem less incredible. It cannot be argued that a physician who will experiment upon himself will experiment on anyone who comes handy, but it does seem conceivable that if the eagerness for scientific discovery is strong enough to induce a conscientious man to risk his own life, it may easily be strong enough to induce a less scrupulous person to take outrageous chances with the lives of helpless persons who are in his charge. Doctors, of all men, should be good men, and scrupulous respecters of human rights. They are trusted beyond the men of any other calling, and neither science, nor curiosity, nor any generalization about the welfare of humanity, can excuse them in abusing that trust.



"DO YOU CARE FOR WAGNER?"
"YE-ES—IN A WAY."
"NEITHER DO I."

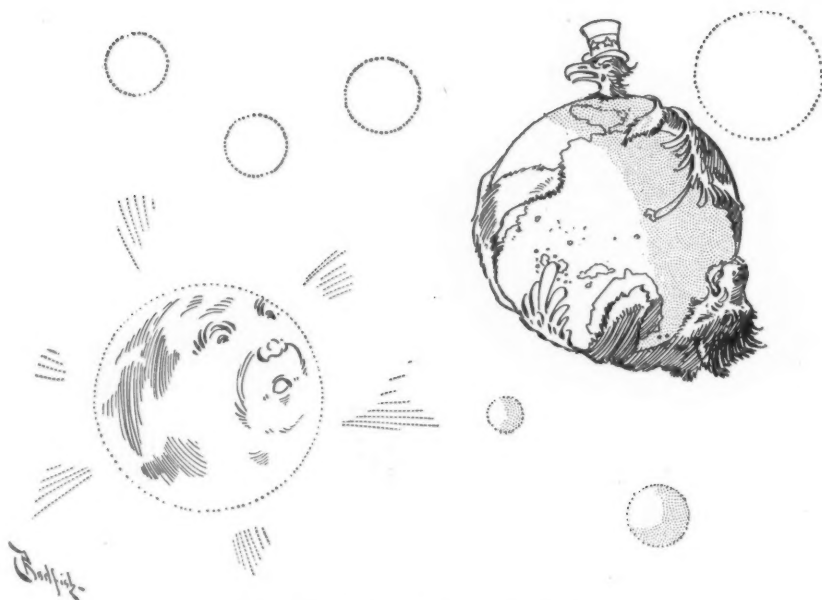
Lent in Town.

PAST are the joys of yesterday;
The city will not waken,
For everyone has gone to play
At Lakewood or at Aiken.
In vain you scan the dining-room
Of Boldt, and eke of Sherry;
No face familiar lights the gloom
Or makes the prospect merry.

Oh, for a drift of living rose
Across the Lenten grayness,
The laughter and the love that flows
Through stupid every-dayness;
For one bright hour with gladness rife
I'd give a prince's ransom,
But nothing offers aught of life
Except a horseless hansom.

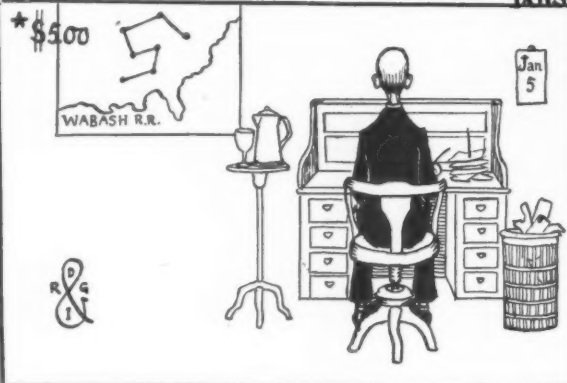
There is no bloom on old Broadway,
That mart of gayest bubble;
Beneath imperial palms you stray,
To find there naught but trouble.
Along the tar-paved avenue,
Some spectre joy pursuing,
The end of memory you chew,
For oh, there's nothing doing!

Kate Masterson.



The Sun: IS THAT ANOTHER ONE I SHALL NEVER SET ON?

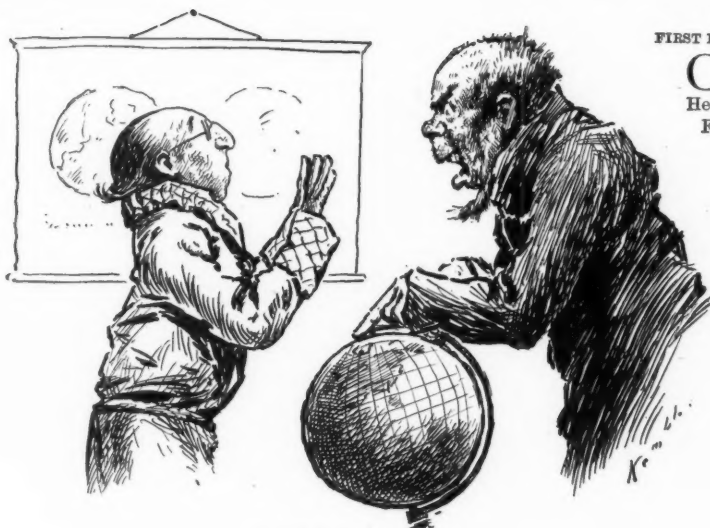
A Woman who did what she could
Was Mrs. Willie Waldo Wood.
She gave a V* to the Bazaar
And cried, "How awful good I are!"
It was her Husband and his Labors
That made her better than her Neigh-
bors.



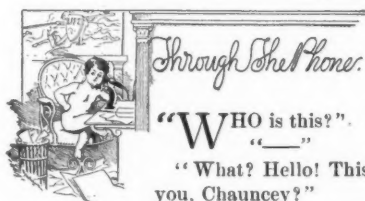
PHILADELPHIA.

"BUT YOU GOT A PRETTY GOOD HAND ON THAT GAG O' YOURS IN THE SECOND ACT."

"THEY'D JUST BEGUN TO LAUGH THEN AT THE JOKES IN THE FIRST ACT."



AT NIGHT SCHOOL.
"IF YEZ SAYS THAT LITTLE SPECK ALONGSIDE OF ENGLAND IS IRELAND YER
A LIAR, AND TER HELL WITH GEOGRAPHY!"



Through the Phone.

"WHO is this?"

"—"

"What? Hello! This
you, Chauncey?"

"—"

"Of course I know about it. Con-
gratulations."

"—"

"Certainly. Just the place for you.
Besides—"

"—"

"Hello! I say a man will be able to
go to a dinner in New York with
comparative safety, now that you are a
Senator."

"—"

"What! I don't like your speeches,
Chauncey? Nonsense. Why, haven't I
often supplied you with the very best
parts of them? It isn't that."

"—"

"Well, of course—you may be some-
thing of a humbug, but—"

"—"

"Tut! No one is listening over the
wire but William K. and the Major, and
they both know you."

"—"

"Oh, yes you are. And the market
here is overstocked."

"—"

"Not at all. I'm only glad you've
found your proper place. Your stories
will lead dignity to the *Congressional
Record*. Hello!"

"—"

"I said I was glad you're a Senator.
Good-by."

Two Views.

FIRST POET:

OH, the haunt of the bird is the leafy wood,
In a shade remote and free;
He tunes his throat to a lover's note
For his mate in the blossoming tree.

CHORUS:

Sing tweet! sing sweet! the bird in the
tree,
And the bird with wings for the sky;
We listen long to his happy song
As the hours go dancing by.

SECOND POET:

Oh, the haunt of the bird is the broad-
brimmed hat,
Where he perches with airy grace,
With his feathers dyed, and his wings
spread wide
And flanked with ribbons and lace.

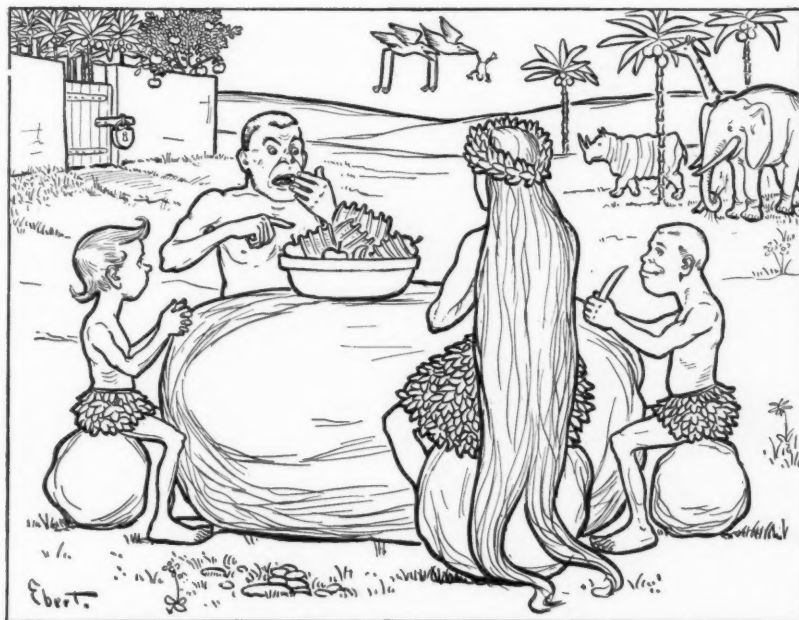
CHORUS:

Sing heigh! sing ho! for the bird on the
hat,
Yet I wonder, at times, upon it,
Why a sensitive maid is never afraid
Of the corpse on her Sunday bonnet!

Carol Schetky Turvey.

WHERE would be the delight of a
kiss if one did not know whom
one was kissing?

LOVE, like parting, is such sweet
sorrow.



Adam: SPARERIE AND APPLE SAUCE! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IS THE CAUSE OF ALL MY TROUBLE?



The Old Maid and the New.

THE maid of old was most demure,
And passing thrifty she;
Of boiling water she'd make sure,
And then would make the tea.

But maiden of to-day, in truth,
Shows thrift enough for me;
She takes a little sand, forsooth,
And with that makes her tea.



The New Crop of War Books.

IF anyone will take the trouble to look up the books that were published just after the civil war and compare them with the crop of Spanish war books that has been harvested thus far, he will conclude that, whether or not civilization has advanced in thirty years, the art of book-making has. The old war book was a miserably printed octavo, in close double columns, with occasional wood-cuts interspersed to represent battle scenes. They were fearfully and wonderfully made, and worse printed. You could almost always discern the fag—and the rest of the picture was smoke. If they had had smokeless powder in those days Art would have had a hard time of it.

In the more expensive volumes, distinguished Generals with long hair and paint-brush goatees were cut on steel with a turning-lathe, and printed on heavy paper—and called "steel engravings" in the table of contents.

Nowadays we do that sort of thing better. Not only were there hundreds of cameras in the field, but artists like Remington, Chapman, Christy, Ditzler and other good draughtsmen saw the most that was going on with their own eyes—and they know how to draw what they saw. It is the reproductions of photographs, however,



that have brought the actualities of the war home to everybody with eyes. You know exactly how the *Merrimac* looks in the entrance of Santiago harbor, what kind of underbrush was on the trail to El Caney, the figure cut by General Shafter on horseback, and what the trenches and block-houses were like on San Juan hill. You are not guessing at these things with the imagination, but you know them as you know Union Square. Can anyone, even those who saw it, reconstruct one-tenth as much out of the whole four years of the civil war?

* * *

THE *Maine* blew up in thirty seconds, but Captain Sigsbee has made an interesting book of two hundred and seventy pages out of it. It was the Fort Sumter of the war with Spain, and far more mysterious and dramatic. Captain Sigsbee's narrative, entitled "The 'Maine'—An Account of Her Destruction in Havana Harbor" (Century Co.), is a dignified and judicial presentation of the tragic episode, from the entrance of the battleship into the harbor to the end of the Court of Inquiry. He does not allow his indignation to color his facts. He is appreciative of all the courtesies shown him by Spanish officials before and after the explosion. It is just the kind of book one would expect from the man who sent the famous despatch on the night of the disaster, asking the American people to suspend judgment. One sentence in the book fully explains the man: "For a moment the instinct of self-preservation took charge of me, but this was immediately dominated by the habit of command."

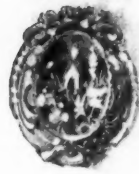
George Kennan's "Campaigning in Cuba" (Century Co.) is a humanitarian study of the war as seen from the Red Cross point of view. It is a valuable contribution by a trained traveler and observer to the whole discussion of the mismanagement of the war. It is *not* a whitewashing report, and



will not, therefore, meet with strong official endorsement.

The naval militia have found an entertaining historian in "No. 5 of the After-port Gun," who is responsible for "A Gunner Aboard the Yankee" (Doubleday & McClure). It is amusing, full of personal incident, and as exciting as actual participation in several bombardments can make it.

Mr. Spears tells in the graphic manner



HENRY • HUTT •

AFTERMATH.

"YOU MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY."
"WHAT OF IT? YOU MARRIED ME FOR MY BEAUTY."
"WELL, BOTH SECURITIES *have* DEPRECIATED."

of a skilled writer, who was once a sailor and an Annapolis man, the stirring story of "Our Navy in the War with Spain" (Scribner). It is the side of the war for which there is nothing to apologize, and Mr. Spears rightly shows enthusiasm in depicting it. What he did not see with his own eyes is told from official reports, or the verbal and written accounts of men whom the author can personally vouch for.

* * *

AMONG recent art books, there are two on Mr. Russell's list of unusual excellence and of permanent value—Mr. Gibson's volume of "Sketches and Cartoons," the most impressive technically

and richest in new types that he has yet published, and the "Idylls of the King," with rich decorations and illustrations by the brothers Rhoad.

There is also the unique collection of songs of the sea—"Ships and Sailors" (Stokes)—which James Barnes has edited with skill and discretion, writing some rattling new songs himself, and which Zogbaum has richly illustrated. *Droch.*

SAINT PETER: Well, why do you hesitate?

SHADE OF ERIN: Kin Oi have ivery other evenin' out?

To a Fair Penitent.

YET don thy sackcloth with a certain grace,
Contrive thou wear a jewel in each tear.
Who knows but that unseen, in some dim place,
Love, too, be keeping season, sinner dear?

Deeply Touched.

"YOU know Gordon, our Boston correspondent, don't you, Fowler?"

"Yes. Lost his baby recently, didn't he?"

"Yes. You see we felt that we wanted to do something to express our sympathy, and finally decided to wire him a couple of dozen roses. Gordon thanked us in a very graceful little note—he is very good at such things—and wound up by saying that we had 'touched him deeply.'"

"No doubt of it. Gordon is a fellow who would appreciate a thing like that."

"Yes, but it was a few days later, when we discovered that the Boston florist had sent Gordon the bill for ten dollars, that the significance and deep pathos of his remark appealed to us."



"NILE GREEN."



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The Bachelor: WELL, BLESS MY STARS AND STRIPES



STARS AND STRIPES; WHATEVER AM I GOING TO DO WITH IT!



A Little Drop into Melodrama.



HERE'S a play as is a play. It is done at Mr. Daly's, and is called "The Great Ruby." It begins at a quarter of eight, and it takes six acts with thirteen scenes to tell the story, so one is sure to get one's money's worth. There's nothing namby-pamby about "The Great Ruby." It's acting and action from start to finish. It contains two splendid fights—one of them in the basket of a balloon up in the clouds. The other is between a detective and four diamond thieves.

The detective gets the worse of it, and everyone is glad, because he is a detective of the same kind that they have in Mulberry Street. He goes about telling everything he knows, and finally, instead of catching the thieves who have stolen the jewel, gets stolen himself.

The hero of the piece is a ruby, and a ruby valued at fifty thousand pounds sterling. In the second act it disguises itself as a box of chocolates, and from that on is constantly in evidence, even daring to share the centre of the stage with Miss Ada Rehan. If it were an animate actor, this would be contrary to the rules of Mr. Daly's theatre;

but, in the circumstances, the ruby is permitted to put itself in dangerous places, and keep getting into wrong hands in a way that holds the audience constantly wrought up to a high pitch of nervous tension. It tangles up the honesty of British officers worse than the embalmed beef has our own War Department, and unscrupulously makes respectable ladies the victims of the most criminal suspicions. Among these is *Lady Garnett*, the sleep-walker, who is the innocent cause of the main trouble.

"The Great Ruby" used acres of scenery, a real break with four real horses, any number of real bicycles and bicyclers, and, most thrilling of all, a balloon ascension that looks real. The best scene of the play is the reproduction of a street in an English village, with a way-side inn on the side. It is very pretty and realistic. A blemish in a play which tries to be so exact, scenically, is a moving-van which could not possibly move, as it is nailed to the stage, and its real wheels are carelessly stood up against its painted sides with their empty axle-holes yawning a protest against their absolute uselessness. But this is a small defect, and "The Great Ruby" is a great accomplishment in the way of handling heavy and complicated scenery.



THE piece employs a small army of well-rehearsed actors. Miss Rehan was free from her usual first-night nervousness, and played *Lady Garnett*, the *parvenue* wife of a London jeweler who has been knighted, with a dash and irresponsibility reminiscent of some of her earlier and famous performances.

In Miss Blanche Bates, a recent acquisition to his company, Mr. Daly has found an actress who combines force, plasticity and personal attractiveness in an unusual degree. The acting in melodrama of this type is so broadened to meet the scenic effects that it does not call for very fine art; but the large company is a competent one, and competently handled.

By people who are sick of problem plays and unclean adaptations from the French school of farce, "The Great Ruby" will be found a wholesome relief and a pulse-quickener of the honestest kind. It will please all classes and sorts, and should bring many golden shekels to Mr. Daly's treasury, thus strengthening his resources for his artistic experiments which appeal to not so great a multitude.

(Since the above was written the lady



TRYING IT ON A DOG.

spoken of as "a recent acquisition" has become a more recent and permanent absentee from the ranks of the company. She and Mr. Daly are two. Dangerous are the uses of prosperity—to the ladies of the stage.)

Melcalfe.

What the Young Man Wrote.

A POET I, and dread no dark mischances;

Let Fortune smile or frown, or go or stay,
My stock's at par; so, sweet or sour her glances,

I tune my pipe and puff the jade away.

To tend the sacred fire, that needs no fuel;
To dwell on Helicon, and pay no rent;
To meditate the muse, and live on gruel,
How rich is he who therewith is content!

Let worried cits, whose sole and only classic

Is their fat ledger, toil and eringe and pray;

I choose to quaff my (metaphoric) Massie,
And loaf with Flaccus all a solid day.

I covet not their well-filled, tight-laced purses—

Those gilded garners for the moth and rust.

Apollo's bank can never know reverses;
I'll take his bonds—and feast upon a crust!

W. M. Gee.

IT may be as unreasonable as certainly it is indisputable, that, whatever wild oats a man may himself sow, he invariably entertains a strong objection to any woman of his own family entering upon this particular branch of agriculture.



"A CLOSE CALL."



GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.

GLIMPSE VIII.

THE STAGE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, AS PROMISED BY PRESENT INDICATIONS.

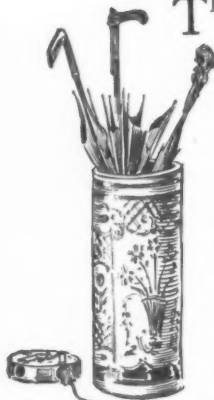
Sham Puesne.

THERE was a small boy of DuQuesne,
Who had a most terrible puesne;
The doctors, in doubt,
Turned the lad inside-out,
And he never has felt it aguesne!

Experimental Economy.

THERE is a subdued murmur of resentment to be heard from that very large class of women who spend their days in making narrow incomes cover the cruel cost of living. This is an art in which femininity is presumed to excel; and, if practice makes perfect, there should be by this time little left unlearned. Ever since Eve exchanged the simple housekeeping and simpler costume of Paradise for the great, grim world of toil, her daughters have faced as best they could the problems of domestic economy. But now they are expected to accomplish miracles of refined thrift, and experts are writing,

for their destruction, columns of counsel in the daily press. The workingman's wife is told she can provide a meal, at once palatable and nutritious, for a few cents. She knows, poor soul, she can do nothing of the sort, and she is far too sensible to try; but her husband, who, like all good American citizens, believes everything the newspapers tell him and nothing else, takes kindly to the thought of such reduced expenditure, and reviles his spouse when she mentions the price of butcher's meat. The experienced housekeeper remains undazzled by wonderful "prize dinners," purporting to feed a family on the fat of the land and on exactly the proper proportions of carbonaceous and nitrogenous food for a dollar. She may know very little about carbonaceous and nitrogenous foods, but she is well aware that if she buys eggs for twelve cents a dozen they will be rotten, and that "sponge cream boxes" made with one egg—and that a penny egg—

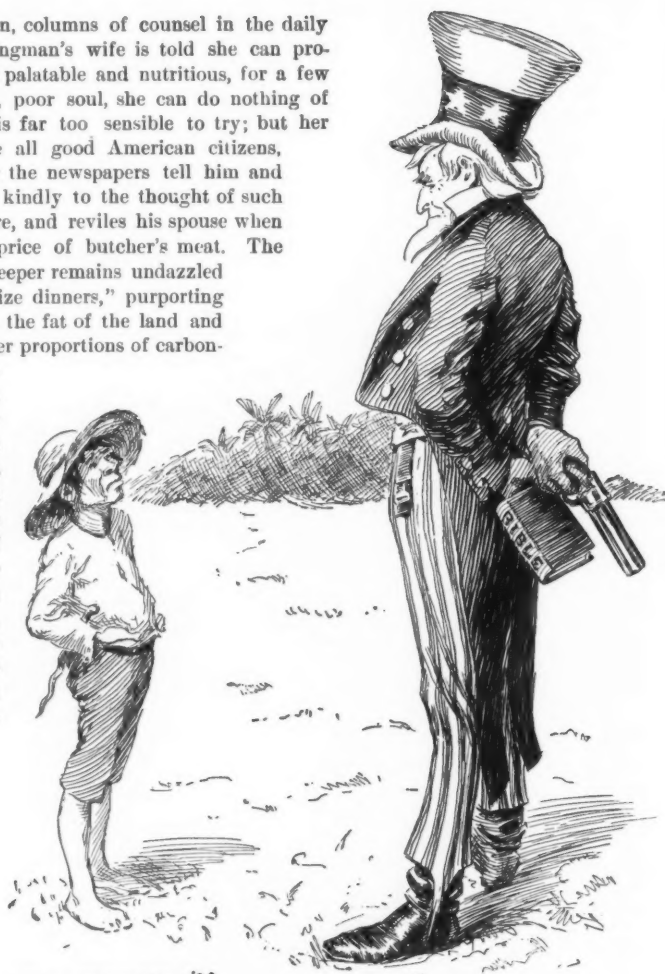


J. A. H. 95



"THEY SHOULD NOT ALLOW ONE INDIGENT IMMIGRANT FROM EUROPE TO LAND IN THIS COUNTRY."

"NOT ONE, PAPA—UNLESS HE HAS A TITLE."



Uncle Sam (to Filipino): WHICH HAND WILL YOU TAKE?

may have a seductive sweetness in print, but will fail to awaken enthusiasm at the dinner table. To the masculine fancy, however, the prize dinners sound both cheap and good, and in the masculine heart doubts are awakened concerning the justifiability of the weekly bills. The girl who reads in the evening paper that she can dress "with quiet elegance and simplicity" on a hundred and twenty dollars a year, smiles or sighs, according to her temperament and her purse. She notices that she is advised in the first place to remodel her last winter's cloth walking-dress and her last summer's India silk, and wonders why she is supposed to have been a Rothschild one season and reduced to penury the next. But the young man who contemplates matrimony, on the strength of his general unfitness and disability, likes that phrase "quiet elegance and simplicity," and takes heart of grace, reflecting that wives are not costly to keep. And in this wise comes much trouble into the world.

In Philadelphia, an expert of experts is showing the public today how a workingman's model home should be run, and proving,



A RESPITE.

to the public's satisfaction, that the workingman may enjoy all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, including his dinner in three courses, his cup of black coffee, and, let us hope, his cigarette and cordial, to speed digestion and repose. It is an interesting experiment, especially to the rich, who like to talk about the prosperity of the poor. The array of figures quoted would dazzle anyone who did not know well the inherent falsity of statistics. The bills of fare are excellent; the prices paid for provisions are amazingly low. A popular feature of the entertainment is the giving out of the family wash, it being the expert's opinion that soapsuds and damp clothes are responsible for colds and croup. Everybody says to every-

body else, "Isn't it wonderful?" And everybody else says to everybody, "Isn't it a blessing?" And the workingman's wife looks up from her tub and her stove to catch the echoes of applause. She is not accustomed to write for the press, or she, too, might have a useful word to say.

Agnes Repplier.



MADE IN GERMANY.

NO one suspected that our noble and universally obliging President could be guilty of such cruelty as he has shown in the sentence imposed on General Eagan. Think of it! For the slight offense of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, General Eagan is compelled to retain his rank as Commissary-General, to draw a salary of \$5,500 a year for the next six years for doing nothing, and then to be retired with pay of \$4,125 a year for the rest of his life. Secretary Alger has evidently forgotten to remind the President of the Constitutional prohibition against cruel and unusual punishments.

THE folks who are responsible for the improved methods of harrying returning travelers which are now in operation in New York are the members of the Merchants and Manufacturers Board of Trade, whereof the president is C. C. Shayne, the furrier. Among the other officers of the association are three tailors, a dealer in dressmakers' supplies, a haberdasher and an auctioneer. These persons want to discourage Americans from making purchases in Europe, to the end that their own sales may be larger. There is much to be said for a just enforcement of the tariff laws, but when the Treasury Department lends itself to the execution of schemes devised by greedy New York tradesmen in their own interest for the annoyance of travelers, it lays itself open to more and juster criticism than it can afford to meet.



"HERR DELICATESSEN SEEMS VERY HAPPY THIS MORNING."

"YES; HIS SAUSAGE TOOK A BLUE RIBBON AT THE DOG SHOW."

• LIFE •



THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Well, yes, 'tis a hair-curlin' story—
I would it could not be recalled.
The terrible fright of that hell-dinctured night
Is the cause of my head bein' bald.
I was runnin' the Git-There Express, sir;
On the Yankee Creek Jerkwater line,
An' the track along there was as crooked, I swear,
As the growth of a field pumpkin vine.
My run was a night one, an' nights on the Yank
War' as black as the coal piled back there on the tank.
We pulled out of Tenderfoot station
A day and almost a half late,
An' every durn wheel was a-poundin' the steel
At a wildly extravagant rate.
My fireman kep' pillin' the coal in
The jaws of the ol' 94,
Till the sweat from his nose seemed to play through a
hose
An' splashed 'round his feet on the floor,
As we thundered along like a demon in flight,
A-rippin' a streak through the breast of the night.
As we rounded a curve on the mountain,
Full sixty an hour, I will swear,
Jest ahead was a sight that with blood-freezin' fright
Would have raised a stuffed buffalo's hair.
The bridge over Ute Creek was burnin',
The flames shootin' up in their glee;
My God! how they gleamed in the air, till they seemed
Like fiery-tongued imps on a spree.
Jest snickered an' sparkled an' laughed like they knowed
I'd make my next trip on a different road.

In frenzy, I reached for the throttle,
But 'twas stuck an' refused to obey.
I yelled in affright, for our maddening flight
I felt that I never could stay.
Then wildly I grasped the big lever,
Threw her over, then held my hot breath,
An' waited for what I assuredly thought
Was a sure an' a terrible death.
Then came the wild crash, an' with horror-fringed yell
Down into that great fiery chasm I fell.

When I came to myself, I was lying
On the floor of the bedroom; my wife
Sat astride of my form, an' was making it warm
Fur her darling, you bet your sweet life!
My hair she had clutched in her fingers
An' was jammin' my head on the floor,
Yet I yelled with delight when I found that my fright
Was a horrible dream, nothing more.
I had wildly grabbed one of her ankles, she said,
An' reversed her clear over the head of the bed.

—Denver Evening Post.

EVEN before a policeman gets acquainted with the people
on his beat, he should seek an introduction to the dictionary.
The *Plain Dealer* proves it by the experience of a Cleveland
officer who had loved a young woman long and truly, but
lacked the courage to tell her so.

Finally he mustered up all his bravery—it required more
nerve than to face an ugly mob—and marched to her home.
"Mary," he said, "I love you."

Mary started slightly. She had been expecting this re-
mark for some time. She blushed, however, and then coyly
said:

"Ditto, George."

To her surprise and chagrin George changed the subject,
and presently took his departure.

A few nights later he was on his way to his beat with two
of his brother officers.

"Say, boys," he said, "I want to ask you something.
You know I've been keeping company with a girl on Cedar
Avenue, and the other night—well, I told her I loved her, and
say, all she said was 'ditto.' Now, what in thunder does
'ditto' mean?"

The brother officers laughed loud and long.

"Don't you know what that means?" one of them cried.

"No, I don't," said George.

"Well, it's easy," said his friend. "Look over the
fence." They were just passing an East End cabbage patch.
"What do you see?"

"Cabbages," replied George.

"Well, now look at that particular cabbage-head right
there."

"Yes," said George.

"Now look at the cabbage-head next to it."

"Yes," said George.

"Well, that's it. The first cabbage-head is a cabbage-head
and the other one is ditto."

"What!" roared the irate George. "Did that blamed
girl call me a cabbage-head?"

And he turned away and refused to be comforted.

—*Youth's Companion*.

SHE (after the honeymoon): I've often wondered, dear,
what you ever saw in me to cause you to make me your wife.

HE: That's a strange coincidence. Do you know, I've
asked myself that question a hundred times since we've been
married.—*Chicago News*.

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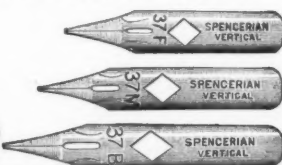
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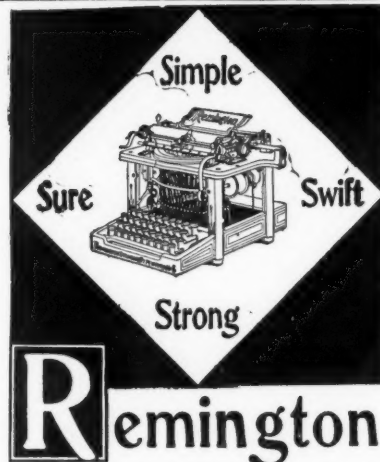
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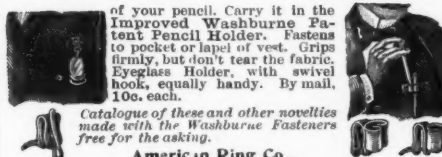


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YEAST: I understand that seats in the New York Stock Exchange are now selling at thirty-three thousand dollars.

CRIMSONBEAK: Yes; and they are almost as hard to get as one in a street car.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

BEST BECAUSE NATURAL.

The market is flooded with so-called baby foods. Experience demonstrates that scientifically prepared cow's milk is the best when the natural supply fails. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food.

"I HAVE invited several army officers," said the hostess, "and I am anxious that the occasion shall be something unique and appropriate. I don't want anything commonplace, like a five-o'clock tea, or a pink tea, or a violet tea."

"Well," suggested Miss Cayenne, after deliberation, "why not make it a beef tea?"—*Washington Star*.

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BUTCHER: I have always been famous for my legs and loins, mum.

CUSTOMER: Fancy now; well, everyone to her taste.

—*Exchange*.

THE HOTEL "THORNDIKE," BOSTON, opp. the Public Gardens.

Ladies traveling alone will find its accommodations homelike and comfortable. European plan.

ADDIE: The presumption of some men! That Mr. Cason actually tried to kiss me last evening.

ETHEL: How could he?

Addie smiles sweetly, but in her heart she wonders if that ugly thing meant anything.—*Boston Transcript*.

OVER FIFTY MILL ON DOLLARS.

The financial report of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, published to-day, states among other interesting items that the surplus of the Society is greater than the surplus of any other life insurance company in the United States or Europe. Surplus measures both the strength and the dividend paying power of any financial organization, and the policy-holders of the Equitable cannot but be interested and gratified with the Society's report of the transactions of the past year. The assets now amount to \$258,360,296, and the surplus \$57,310,489. The outstanding assurance now exceeds nine hundred and eighty-seven million dollars, and of disbursements during the year 1898 more than twenty-four millions was to policy-holders. The new assurance written during the year amounted to over one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars over and above thirty millions declined by the examiners of the company.

SO LONG as Ireland was silent under her wrongs, England was deaf to her cries.—*Irish Newspaper*.

SEASON GOSSIP.

It is a struggle of elegance which will last all winter. A most courteous struggle, where the arms employed are satins, silks and laces, under the brilliant standard of Fashion. Until now, victory is on the side of the lovely Mondaines, queens of the season, who have adopted as a rally signal the Violettes Russes which Oriza-Legrand has created for them.

"You Americans," said the Scotchman, "suffer from an itch for notoriety."

"An itch for notoriety," responded the American, with spirit, "is better than a notoriety for—"

But at that point they clinched.—*Indianapolis Journal*.



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A Defense of Militarism.

By a Prominent German Authority.

Prof. Gustav F. Jaeger, whose name has become familiar to the civilized world by his "woolen-ware theory," recently delivered a public lecture at Stuttgart on the results and benefits of militarism. In his opinion Germany's army system, in its growing scientific development, is the principal basis of her immense economic evolution and expansion. Through the nation's military education the health of the people has been steadily improving, thus creating a "live capital" that cannot commensurately be acquired or represented by mere accumulation of dead coin. * * * *

As to the sanitary effects of militarism, he proves his theory by statistics drawn from the health reports of the German army. During the three years' service in the army, which is recruited from the whole of the people without distinction, the third year's soldiers presented the most favorable conditions of health and efficiency, not only in the active service, but also as forming the best physical and mental preparation for civil life. enterprise and success a result not attainable, or at least never yet produced by any other system of education in public schools or academies of learning. A militarily trained person is endowed with a physical and mental equipment far superior to that of the "State school cripple," whose brain is battered by indigested book learning, and whose nerves are neutralized by the unhealthy atmosphere of the recitation-room and the senseless system of an education which forgets the old rule that we ought to "learn for life, not for the school." In the annual manoeuvres of German reserve and national guard forces Dr. Jaeger discovers a national health factor that no sanitary regulations, public or private, are able to produce. General military training alone supplies a nation with the necessary living capital for future growth.

—*Baltimore Sun*, Jan. 31, 1899.

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Received for Premiums - \$42,318,748 51
From all other Sources - 12,687,880 92
\$55,006,629 43

DISBURSEMENTS

Policy-holders for Claims by
Death - \$13,265,908 00
Policy-holders for Endow-
ments, Dividends, etc. - 11,485,751 35
All other accounts - 10,493,379 53
\$35,245,038 88

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other
Securities - \$160,956,141 33
Mortgage Loans on Bond and
Mortgage - 68,503,580 90
Mortgages on Bonds and other Se-
curities - 9,396,610 00
Real Estate appraised by Insur-
ance Superintendents at
\$23,534,826.88: Book Value - 20,604,640 61
Cash in Banks and Trust Com-
panies - 11,621,377 36
Unearned Interest, Net Deferred
Premiums, etc. - 6,434,957 16
\$277,517,325 36

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc. - \$233,058,640 68
Contingent Guarantee Fund - 42,238,684 68
Unpaid Surplus - 2,220,000 00
\$277,517,325 36

Insurance and Annuities in
force - \$971,711,997 79

have carefully examined the foregoing State-
ment and find the same to be correct; liabilities
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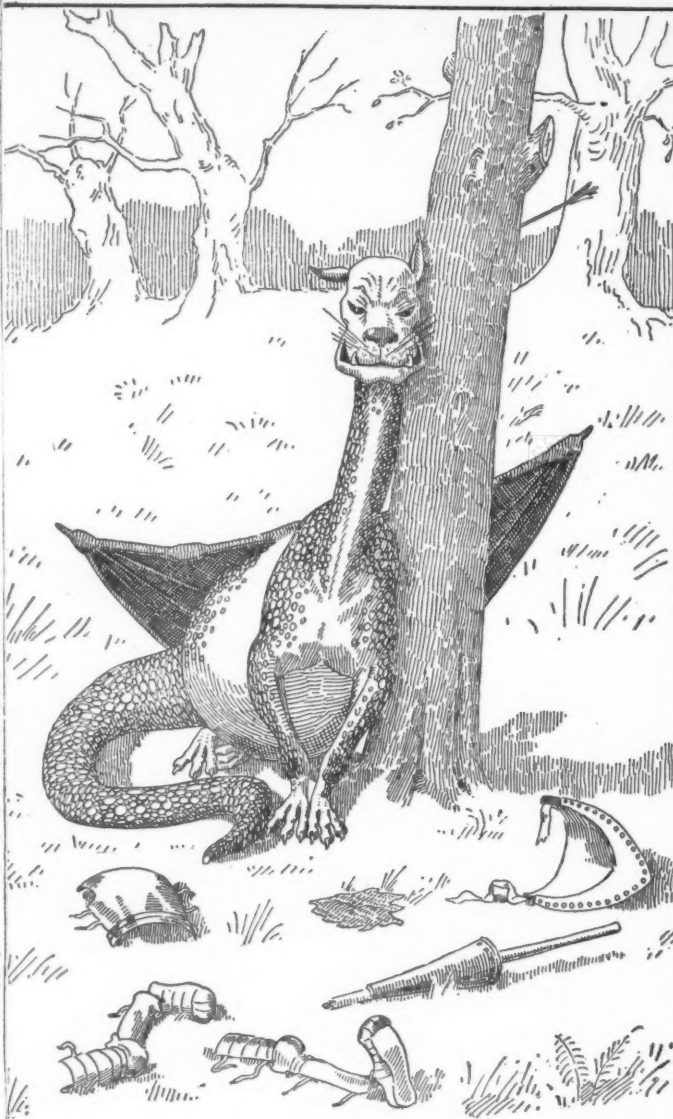
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